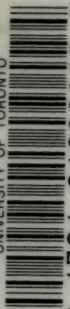


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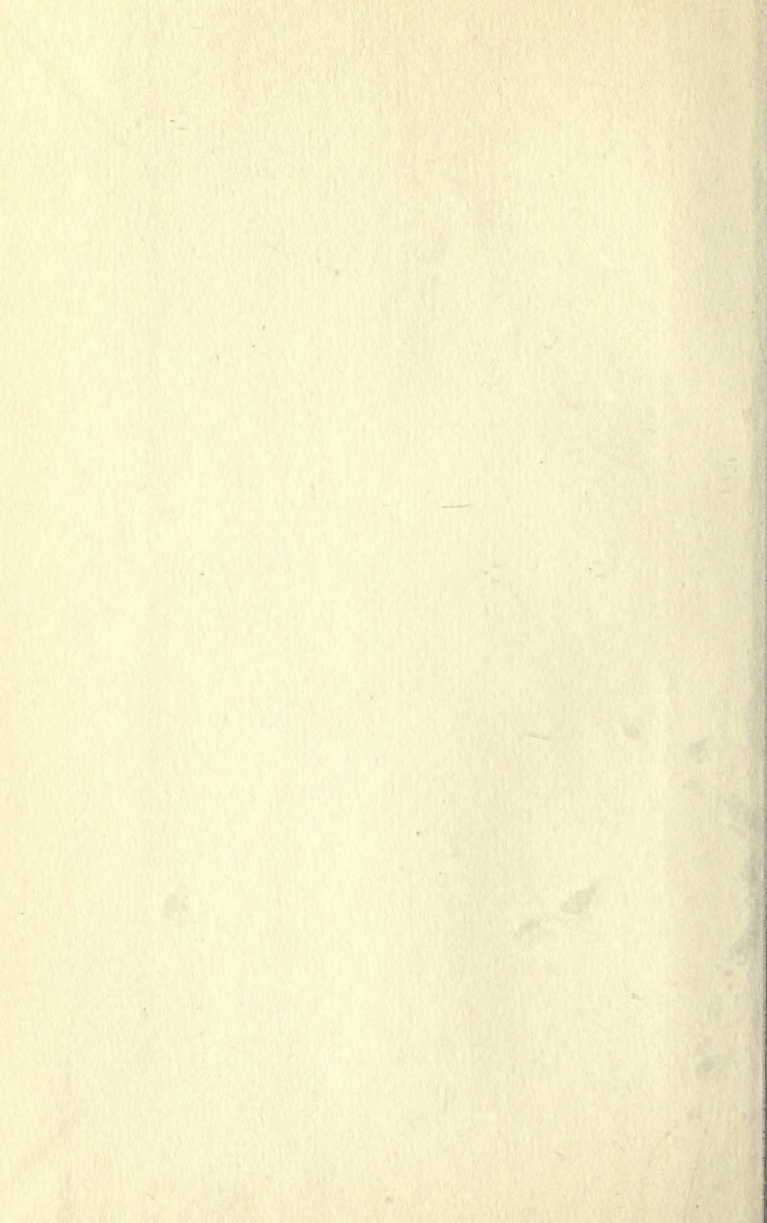




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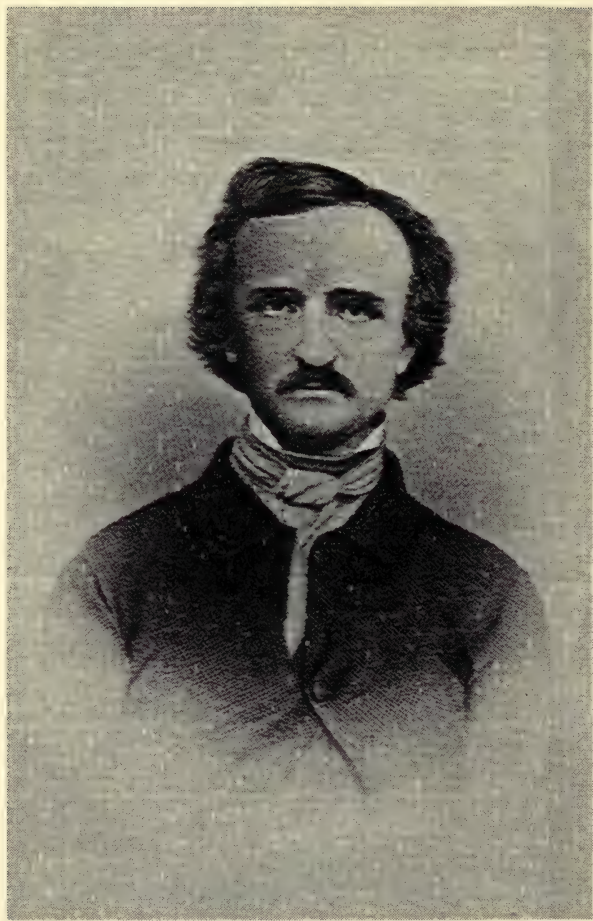
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THE LYRICAL POEMS OF  
EDGAR ALLAN POE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
ARTHUR SYMONS

and a Portrait of Poe

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LONDON  
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1906



## INTRODUCTION

THE poems which follow are the work of a poet who thought persistently about poetry as an art, and would have reduced inspiration to a method. At their best they are perfectly defined by Baudelaire, when he says of Poe's poetry that it is a thing 'deep and shimmering as dreams, mysterious and perfect as crystal.' Not all the poems, few as they are, are flawless; they are so few that all have been reprinted here except the two narrative poems and the fragment of a dramatic poem, 'Tamerlane,' 'Al Aaraaf,' and 'Scenes from "Politian."' In these few unequal poems we have the only essential poetry which has yet come from America, Walt Whitman's vast poetical nature having remained a nature only, not come to be an art. Because Poe was fantastically inhuman, a conscious artist doing strange things with strange materials, not every one has realised how fine, how rare, was that beauty which this artist brought into the world. It is true that there was in the genius of Poe something meretricious; it is the flaw in his genius; but then he had genius, and Whittier and Bryant and Longfellow and Lowell had only varying degrees of talent. Let us admit, by all means, that a diamond is flawed; but need we compare it with this and that fine specimen of quartz?

Poetry Poe defined as 'the rhythmical creation of beauty'; and the first element of poetry he found in

'the thirst for supernal beauty.' 'It is not,' he repeats, 'the mere appreciation of the beauty before us. It is a wild effort to reach the beauty above. . . . Inspired with a prescient ecstasy of the beauty beyond the grave, it struggles by multiform novelty of combination among the things and thoughts of time, to anticipate some portions of that loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain solely to eternity.' The poet, then, 'should limit his endeavours to the creation of novel moods of beauty, in form, in colour, in sound, in sentiment.' Note the emphasis upon novel: to Poe there was no beauty without strangeness. He makes his favourite quotation: "'But," says Lord Bacon (how justly!) "there is no exquisite beauty without some strangeness in the proportions." Take away this element of strangeness—of unexpectedness—of novelty—of originality—call it what we will—and all that is ethereal in loveliness is lost at once. . . . We lose, in short, all that assimilates the beauty of earth with what we dream of the beauty of heaven!' And, as another of the elements of this creation of beauty, there must be indefiniteness. 'I know,' he says, 'that indefiniteness is an element of the true music—I mean of the true musical expression. Give to it any undue decision—imbue it with any very determinate tone—and you deprive it at once of its ethereal, its ideal, its intrinsic and essential character.' Do we not seem to find here an anticipation of Verlaine's 'Art Poétique': '*Pas la couleur, rien que la nuance*'? And is not the essential part of the poetical theory of Mallarmé and of the French Symbolists enunciated in this definition and commendation of 'that class of composition in which there lies beneath the transparent upper current of meaning an under or *suggestive* one'? To this 'mystic



or secondary expression' he attributes 'the vast force of an accompaniment in music. . . . With each note of the lyre is heard a ghostly, and not always a distinct, but an august and soul-exalting *echo*.' Has anything that has been said since on that conception of poetry without which no writer of verse would, I suppose, venture to write verse, been said more subtly or more precisely?

And Poe does not end here, with what may seem generalities. 'Beyond the limits of beauty,' he says of poetry, 'its province does not extend. Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the Intellect or with the Conscience it has only collateral relations. It has no dependence, unless incidentally, upon either Duty or Truth.' And of the poet who said, not meaning anything very different from what Poe meant, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' he says: 'He is the sole British poet who has never erred in his themes.' And, as if still thinking of Keats, he says: 'It is chiefly amid forms of physical loveliness (we use the word *forms* in its widest sense as embracing modifications of sound and colour) that the soul seeks the realisation of its dreams of Beauty.' And, with more earnest insistence on those limits which he knew to be so much more necessary to guard in poetry than its so-called freedom ('the true artist will avail himself of no "licence" whatever'), he states, with categorical precision: 'A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having, for its object, an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with *indefinite* sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since comprehension of sweet

sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music, without the idea, is simply music; the idea, without the music, is prose, from its very definiteness.'

And he would set these careful limits, not only to the province of poetic pleasure, but to the form and length of actual poetry. 'A long poem,' he says, with more truth than most people are quite willing to see, 'is a paradox.' 'I hold,' he says elsewhere, 'that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase, "a long poem," is simply a flat contradiction in terms.' And, after defining his ideal, 'a rhymed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour,' he says, very justly, that 'within this limit alone can the highest order of true poetry exist.' In another essay he narrows the duration to 'half an hour, at the very utmost'; and wisely. In yet another essay he suggests 'a length of about one hundred lines' as the length most likely to convey that unity of impression, with that intensity of true poetical effect, in which he found the highest merit of poetry. Remember, that of true poetry we have already had his definition; and concede, that a loftier conception of poetry as poetry, poetry as lyric essence, cannot easily be imagined. We are too ready to accept, under the general name of poetry, whatever is written eloquently in metre; to call even Wordsworth's 'Excursion' a poem, and to accept 'Paradise Lost' as throughout a poem. But there are not thirty consecutive lines of essential poetry in the whole of 'The Excursion,' and, while 'Paradise Lost' is crammed with essential poetry, that poetry is not consecutive; but the splendid workmanship comes in to fill up the gaps, and to hold our attention until the poetry returns. Essential poetry is an essence too

strong for the general sense; diluted, it can be endured; and, for the most part, the poets dilute it. Poe could conceive of it only in the absolute; and his is the counsel of perfection, if of a perfection almost beyond mortal powers. He sought for it in the verse of all poets; he sought, as few have ever sought, to concentrate it in his own verse; and he has left us at least a few poems, '*ciascun distinto e di fulgore e d'arte,*' in which he has found, within his own limits, the absolute.

ARTHUR SYMONS.



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## THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,  
weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of for-  
gotten lore,—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there  
came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my  
chamber door.  
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my  
chamber door :

Only this and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak  
December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost  
upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow ;—vainly I had  
sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for  
the lost Lenore,  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the  
angels name Lenore :

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each  
purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never  
felt before ;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I  
stood repeating  
‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my  
chamber door,  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my  
chamber door :

This it is and nothing more.’

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then  
no longer,  
‘ Sir,’ said I, ‘ or Madam, truly your forgiveness I  
implore ;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you  
came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my  
chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you’—here I  
opened wide the door :—

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood  
there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared  
to dream before ;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness  
gave no token,



And the only word there spoken was the  
whispered word, 'Lenore!'

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back  
the word, 'Lenore':

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within  
me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder  
than before.

'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my  
window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this  
mystery explore;

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery  
explore;

'Tis the wind and nothing more.'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many  
a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly  
days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute  
stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my  
chamber door,

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my  
chamber door:

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into  
smiling

By the grave and stern decorum of the counten-  
ance it wore,—

‘Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,’ I  
said, ‘art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from  
the Nightly shore :

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s  
Plutonian shore !’

Quoth the Raven, ‘Nevermore.’

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-  
course so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little rele-  
vancy bore ;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living  
human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his  
chamber door,

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his  
chamber door,

With such name as ‘Nevermore.’

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,  
spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he  
did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather  
then he fluttered,

Till I scarcely more than muttered,—‘ Other  
friends have flown before ;  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes  
have flown before.’

Then the bird said, ‘ Nevermore.’

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly  
spoken,  
‘ Doubtless,’ said I, ‘ what it utters is its only  
stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master whom un-  
merciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs  
one burden bore :  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy  
burden bore

Of “ Never—nevermore.”’

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into  
smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of  
bird and bust and door ;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself  
to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous  
bird of yore,  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and  
ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking ‘ Nevermore.’

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable  
 expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my  
 bosom's core ;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at  
 ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light  
 gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-  
 light gloating o'er  
   *She shall press, ah, nevermore !*

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed  
 from an unseen censer  
 Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on  
 the tufted floor.  
 'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by  
 these angels he hath sent thee  
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories  
 of Lenore !  
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget  
 this lost Lenore !'  
   Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet !' said I, 'thing of evil ! prophet still, if  
 bird or devil !  
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed  
 thee here ashore,  
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land  
 enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly,  
I implore!

Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—  
tell me, I implore!

Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil—prophet still,  
if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God  
we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the dis-  
tant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels  
name Lenore :

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels  
name Lenore !'

Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !'

I shrieked, upstarting :

'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's  
Plutonian shore !

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy  
soul hath spoken !

Leave my loneliness unbroken ! quit the bust  
above my door !

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy  
form from off my door !'

Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still  
is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my  
chamber door ;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's  
that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his  
shadow on the floor :  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-  
ing on the floor  
Shall be lifted—nevermore !

## THE BELLS

### I

HEAR the sledges with the bells,  
Silver bells !  
What a world of merriment their melody fore-  
tells !  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night !  
While the stars, that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight ;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

## II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony fore-  
tells!  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!  
From the molten-golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
On the moon!  
Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells  
On the Future! how it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

## III

Hear the loud alarm bells,  
Brazen bells :

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright !

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the  
fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic  
fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour,

Now—now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells !

What a tale their terror tells

Of Despair !

How they clang, and clash, and roar !

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air !

Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging

And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows ;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,



In the jangling  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,—  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the  
bells,  
Of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

## IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,  
Iron bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their monody  
compels!  
In the silence of the night  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.  
And the people—ah, the people,  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone,  
And who tolling, tolling, tolling  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone—  
They are neither man nor woman,  
They are neither brute nor human,

They are Ghouls :  
 And their king it is who tolls ;  
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
     Rolls

    A pæan from the bells ;  
 And his merry bosom swells  
     With the pæan of the bells,  
 And he dances, and he yells :  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
     To the pæan of the bells,  
     Of the bells :  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
     To the throbbing of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells—  
     To the sobbing of the bells ;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
     As he knells, knells, knells,  
 In a happy Runic rhyme,  
     To the rolling of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells :  
     To the tolling of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
     Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

## THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace—  
Radiant palace—reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion,  
It stood there ;  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow  
(This—all this—was in the olden  
Time long ago),  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A wingèd odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley  
Through two luminous windows saw  
Spirits moving musically,  
To a lute's well-tuned law,  
Round about a throne where, sitting,  
Porphyrogene,  
In state his glory well befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate ;  
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate !)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody ;  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever,  
And laugh—but smile no more.

## THE CONQUEROR WORM

Lo ! 'tis a gala night  
    Within the lonesome latter years.  
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
    In veils, and drowned in tears,  
Sit in a theatre to see  
    A play of hopes and fears,  
While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
    The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,  
    Mutter and mumble low,  
And hither and thither fly ;  
    Mere puppets they, who come and go  
At bidding of vast formless things  
    That shift the scenery to and fro,  
Flapping from out their condor wings  
    Invisible Woe.

That motley drama—oh, be sure  
    It shall not be forgot !  
With its Phantom chased for evermore  
    By a crowd that seize it not,  
Through a circle that ever returneth in  
    To the self-same spot ;  
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,  
    And Horror the soul of the plot.

## THE LYRICAL POEMS OF

But see amid the mimic rout  
 A crawling shape intrude :  
 A blood-red thing that writhes from out  
 The scenic solitude !  
 It writhes—it writhes !—with mortal pangs  
 The mimes become its food,  
 And seraphs sob at vermin fangs  
 In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all !  
 And over each quivering form  
 The curtain, a funeral pall,  
 Comes down with the rush of a storm,  
 While the angels, all pallid and wan,  
 Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
 That the play is the tragedy, ‘ Man,’  
 And its hero, the Conqueror Worm.

## ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who  
 has the sweetest voice of all God’s creatures. *Koran.*

IN Heaven a spirit doth dwell  
 Whose heart-strings are a lute ;  
 None sing so wildly well  
 As the angel Israfel,  
 And the giddy stars (so legends tell),  
 Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell  
 Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above  
    In her highest noon,  
    The enamoured moon  
Blushes with love,  
    While, to listen, the red levin  
    (With the rapid Pleiads, even,  
    Which were seven)  
    Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir  
    And the other listening things)  
That Israfeli's fire  
Is owing to that lyre  
    By which he sits and sings,  
The trembling living wire  
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,  
    Where deep thoughts are a duty,  
Where Love's a grown-up God,  
    Where the Houri glances are  
Imbued with all the beauty  
    Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,  
    Israfeli, who despisest  
An unimpassioned song ;  
To thee the laurels belong,  
    Best bard, because the wisest :  
    Merrily live, and long !

The ecstasies above  
With thy burning measures suit :  
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,  
With the fervour of thy lute :  
Well may the stars be mute !

Yes, Heaven is thine ; but this  
Is a world of sweets and sour ;  
Our flowers are merely—flowers,  
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss  
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell  
Where Israfel  
Hath dwelt, and he where I,  
He might not sing so wildly well  
A mortal melody,  
While a bolder note than this might swell  
From my lyre within the sky.

### THE SLEEPER

At midnight, in the month of June,  
I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
An opiate vapour, dewy, dim,  
Exhales from out her golden rim,  
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,  
Upon the quiet mountain-top,  
Steals drowsily and musically  
Into the universal valley.



The rosemary nods upon the grave ;  
The lily lolls upon the wave ;  
Wrapping the fog about its breast,  
The ruin moulders into rest ;  
Looking like Lethe, see ! the lake  
A conscious slumber seems to take,  
And would not, for the world, awake.  
All beauty sleeps !—and lo ! where lies  
Irene, with her destinies !

O lady bright ! can it be right,  
This window open to the night ?  
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,  
Laughingly through the lattice drop ;  
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,  
Flit through thy chamber in and out,  
And wave the curtain canopy  
So fitfully, so fearfully,  
Above the closed and fringed lid  
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,  
That, o'er the floor, and down the wall,  
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall.  
O lady dear, hast thou no fear ?  
Why and what art thou dreaming here ?  
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,  
A wonder to these garden trees !  
Strange is thy pallor : strange thy dress :  
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,  
And this all solemn silentness !

The lady sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,  
Which is enduring, so be deep !  
Heaven have her in its sacred keep !  
This chamber changed for one more holy,  
This bed for one more melancholy,  
I pray to God that she may lie  
Forever with unopened eye,  
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by.

My love, she sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,  
As it is lasting, so be deep !  
Soft may the worms about her creep !  
Far in the forest, dim and old,  
For her may some tall vault unfold :  
Some vault that oft hath flung its black  
And wingèd panels fluttering back,  
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls  
Of her grand family funerals ;  
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,  
Against whose portal she hath thrown,  
In childhood, many an idle stone :  
Some tomb from out whose sounding door  
She ne'er shall force an echo more,  
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin,  
It was the dead who groaned within !

## FOR ANNIE

THANK Heaven! the crisis,  
The danger, is past,  
And the lingering illness  
Is over at last,  
And the fever called 'Living'  
Is conquered at last.

Sadly I know  
I am shorn of my strength,  
And no muscle I move  
As I lie at full length :  
But no matter !—I feel  
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly  
Now, in my bed,  
That any beholder  
Might fancy me dead,  
Might start at beholding me,  
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,  
The sighing and sobbing,  
Are quieted now,  
With that horrible throbbing  
At heart :—ah, that horrible,  
Horrible throbbing !

## THE LYRICAL POEMS OF

The sickness, the nausea,  
The pitiless pain,  
Have ceased, with the fever  
That maddened my brain,  
With the fever called 'Living'  
That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures,  
That torture the worst  
Has abated—the terrible  
Torture of thirst  
For the naphthaline river  
Of Passion accurst:  
I have drank of a water  
That quenches all thirst:

Of a water that flows,  
With a lullaby sound,  
From a spring but a very few  
Feet under ground,  
From a cavern not very far  
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never  
Be foolishly said  
That my room it is gloomy,  
And narrow my bed;  
For man never slept  
In a different bed:  
And, *to sleep*, you must slumber  
In just such a bed.

My tantalised spirit  
Here blandly reposes,  
Forgetting, or never  
Regretting, its roses :  
Its old agitations  
Of myrtles and roses ;

For now, while so quietly  
Lying, it fancies  
A holier odour  
About it, of pansies :  
A rosemary odour,  
Commingled with pansies,  
With rue and the beautiful  
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,  
Bathing in many  
A dream of the truth  
And the beauty of Annie,  
Drowned in a bath  
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,  
She fondly caressed,  
And then I fell gently  
To sleep on her breast,  
Deeply to sleep  
From the heaven of her breast.

## THE LYRICAL POEMS OF

When the light was extinguished,  
    She covered me warm,  
And she prayed to the angels  
    To keep me from harm,  
To the queen of the angels  
    To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly  
    Now, in my bed  
(Knowing her love),  
    That you fancy me dead ;  
And I rest so contentedly  
    Now, in my bed,  
(With her love at my breast),  
    That you fancy me dead,  
That you shudder to look at me,  
    Thinking me dead.

But my heart it is brighter  
    Than all of the many  
Stars in the sky,  
    For it sparkles with Annie :  
It glows with the light  
    Of the love of my Annie,  
With the thought of the light  
    Of the eyes of my Annie.

## ULALUME

THE skies they were ashen and sober ;  
The leaves they were crispèd and sere,  
The leaves they were withering and sere ;  
It was night in the lonesome October  
Of my most immemorial year ;  
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty mid region of Weir :  
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,  
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic  
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—  
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.  
These were days when my heart was volcanic  
As the scoriac rivers that roll,  
As the lavas that restlessly roll  
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek  
In the ultimate climes of the pole,  
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek  
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,  
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,  
Our memories were treacherous and sere,  
For we knew not the month was October,  
And we marked not the night of the year,  
(Ah, night of all nights in the year !)

We noted not the dim lake of Auber  
    (Though once we had journeyed down here),  
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber  
    Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent  
    And star-dials pointed to morn,  
    As the star-dials hinted of morn,  
At the end of our path a liquescent  
    And nebulous lustre was born,  
Out of which a miraculous crescent  
    Arose with a duplicate horn,  
Astarte's bediamonded crescent  
    Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—' She is warmer than Dian :  
    She rolls through an ether of sighs,  
    She revels in a region of sighs :  
She has seen that the tears are not dry on  
    These cheeks, where the worm never dies,  
And has come past the stars of the Lion  
    To point us the path to the skies,  
    To the Lethean peace of the skies ;  
Come up, in despite of the Lion,  
    To shine on us with her bright eyes ;  
Come up through the lair of the Lion,  
    With love in her luminous eyes.'



But Psyche, uplifting her finger,  
Said—'Sadly this star I mistrust,  
Her pallor I strangely mistrust :  
Oh, hasten !—oh, let us not linger !  
Oh, fly !—let us fly !—for we must.'  
In terror she spoke, letting sink her  
Wings until they trailed in the dust ;  
In agony sobbed, letting sink her  
Plumes till they trailed in the dust,  
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—'This is nothing but dreaming :  
Let us on by this tremulous light !  
Let us bathe in this crystalline light !  
Its sibyllic splendour is beaming  
With hope and in beauty to-night :  
See, it flickers up the sky through the night !  
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,  
And be sure it will lead us aright :  
We safely may trust to a gleaming  
That cannot but guide us aright,  
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the  
night.'

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,  
And tempted her out of her gloom,  
And conquered her scruples and gloom ;  
And we passed to the end of the vista,  
But were stopped by the door of a tomb,  
By the door of a legended tomb ;

And I said—'What is written, sweet sister,  
On the door of this legended tomb?'  
She replied—'Ulalume—Ulalume—  
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!'

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober  
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere,  
As the leaves that were withering and sere,  
And I cried—'It was surely October  
On this very night of last year  
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,  
That I brought a dread burden down here :  
On this night of all nights in the year,  
Ah, what demon has tempted me here ?  
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,  
This misty mid region of Weir :  
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,  
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.'

### ANNABEL LEE

IT was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may  
know  
By the name of Annabel Lee ;  
And this maiden she lived with no other  
thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child ;  
    In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love,  
    I and my Annabel Lee ;  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven  
    Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
    In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
    My beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came  
    And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
    In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
    Went envying her and me ;  
Yes ! that was the reason (as all men know,  
    In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
    Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
    Of those who were older than we,  
    Of many far wiser than we ;  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
    Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
    Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams, without bringing me  
dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;

And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright  
eyes

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my  
bride,

In her sepulchre there by the sea,

In her tomb by the sounding sea.

### THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne  
In a strange city lying alone  
Far down within the dim West,  
Where the good and the bad and the worst  
and the best

Have gone to their eternal rest.  
There shrines and palaces and towers  
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)  
Resemble nothing that is ours.  
Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down  
On the long night-time of that town ;

But light from out the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets silently,  
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free :  
Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls,  
Up fanes, up Babylon-like walls,  
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers  
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers,  
Up many and many a marvellous shrine  
Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine  
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.  
So blend the turrets and shadows there  
That all seem pendulous in air,  
While from a proud tower in the town  
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves  
Yawn level with the luminous waves ;  
But not the riches there that lie  
In each idol's diamond eye,—  
Not the gaily-jewelled dead,  
Tempt the waters from their bed ;  
For no ripples curl, alas,  
Along that wilderness of glass ;  
No swellings tell that winds may be  
Upon some far-off happier sea ;  
No heavings hint that winds have been  
On seas less hideously serene !

But lo, a stir is in the air !  
The wave—there is a movement there !  
As if the towers had thrust aside,  
In slightly sinking, the dull tide ;  
As if their tops had feebly given  
A void within the filmy Heaven !  
The waves have now a redder glow,  
The hours are breathing faint and low ;  
And when, amid no earthly moans,  
Down, down that town shall settle hence,  
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,  
Shall do it reverence.

### THE VALLEY OF UNREST

ONCE it smiled a silent dell  
Where the people did not dwell ;  
They had gone unto the wars,  
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,  
Nightly, from their azure towers,  
To keep watch above the flowers,  
In the midst of which all day  
The red sunlight lazily lay.  
Now each visitor shall confess  
The sad valley's restlessness.  
Nothing there is motionless,  
Nothing save the airs that brood  
Over the magic solitude.

Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees  
That palpitate like the chill seas  
Around the misty Hebrides !  
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven  
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven  
Uneasily, from morn till even,  
Over the violets there that lie  
In myriad types of the human eye,  
Over the lilies there that wave  
And weep above a nameless grave !  
They wave :—from out their fragrant tops  
Eternal dews come down in drops.  
They weep :—from off their delicate stems  
Perennial tears descend in gems.

### DREAM-LAND

By a route obscure and lonely,  
Haunted by ill angels only,  
Where an Eidolon, named Night,  
On a black throne reigns upright,  
I have reached these lands but newly  
From an ultimate dim Thule :  
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,  
Out of Space—out of Time.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,  
And chasms and caves and Titan woods,

With forms that no man can discover  
For the tears that drip all over ;  
Mountains toppling evermore  
Into seas without a shore ;  
Seas that restlessly aspire,  
Surging, unto skies of fire ;  
Lakes that endlessly outspread  
Their lone waters, lone and dead,—  
Their still waters, still and chilly  
With the snows of the lolling lily.

By the lakes that thus outspread  
Their lone waters, lone and dead,—  
Their sad waters, sad and chilly  
With the snows of the lolling lily ;  
By the mountains—near the river  
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever ;  
By the grey woods, by the swamp  
Where the toad and the newt encamp ;  
By the dismal tarns and pools  
    Where dwell the Ghouls ;  
By each spot the most unholy,  
In each nook most melancholy,—  
There the traveller meets aghast  
Sheeted Memories of the Past :  
Shrouded forms that start and sigh  
As they pass the wanderer by,  
White-robed forms of friends long given,  
In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven.



For the heart whose woes are legion  
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region ;  
For the spirit that walks in shadow  
'Tis—oh, 'tis an Eldorado !  
But the traveller, travelling through it,  
May not—dare not openly view it ;  
Never its mysteries are exposed  
To the weak human eye unclosed ;  
So wills its King, who hath forbid  
The uplifting of the fringed lid ;  
And thus the sad Soul that here passes  
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely,  
Haunted by ill angels only,  
Where an Eidolon, named Night,  
On a black throne reigns upright,  
I have wandered home but newly  
From this ultimate dim Thule.

### ROMANCE

ROMANCE, who loves to nod and sing  
With drowsy head and folded wing  
Among the green leaves as they shake  
Far down within some shadowy lake,  
To me a painted paroquet  
Hath been—a most familiar bird—  
Taught me my alphabet to say,  
To lisp my very earliest word

While in the wild-wood I did lie,  
A child—with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal condor years  
So shake the very heaven on high  
With tumult as they thunder by,  
I have no time for idle cares  
Through gazing on the unquiet sky ;  
And when an hour with calmer wings  
Its down upon my spirit flings,  
That little time with lyre and rhyme  
To while away—forbidden things—  
My heart would feel to be a crime  
Unless it trembled with the strings.

### FAIRY-LAND

DIM vales, and shadowy floods,  
And cloudy-looking woods,  
Whose forms we can't discover  
For the tears that drip all over !  
Huge moons there wax and wane,  
Again—again—again,  
Every moment of the night,  
Forever changing places,  
And they put out the starlight  
With the breath from their pale faces.

About twelve by the moon-dial,  
One, more filmy than the rest  
(A kind which, upon trial,  
They have found to be the best),  
Comes down—still down—and down,  
With its centre on the crown  
Of a mountain's eminence,  
While its wide circumference  
In easy drapery falls  
Over hamlets, over halls,  
Wherever they may be ;  
O'er the strange woods, o'er the sea,  
Over spirits on the wing,  
Over every drowsy thing,  
And buries them up quite  
In a labyrinth of light ;  
And then, how deep, oh, deep,  
Is the passion of their sleep !  
In the morning they arise,  
And their moony covering  
Is soaring in the skies  
With the tempests as they toss,  
Like—almost anything—  
Or a yellow albatross.  
They use that moon no more  
For the same end as before,  
Videlicet, a tent,—  
Which I think extravagant.  
Its atomies, however,  
Into a shower dissever,

## THE LYRICAL POEMS OF

Of which those butterflies  
 Of Earth, who seek the skies,  
 And so come down again  
 (Never-contented things !),  
 Have brought a specimen  
 Upon their quivering wings.

## SPIRITS OF THE DEAD

THY soul shall find itself alone  
 'Mid dark thoughts of the grey tombstone ;  
 Not one, of all the crowd, to pry  
 Into thine hour of secrecy.

Be silent in that solitude,  
 Which is not loneliness—for then  
 The spirits of the dead, who stood  
 In life before thee, are again  
 In death around thee, and their will  
 Shall overshadow thee ; be still.

The night, though clear, shall frown,  
 And the stars shall look not down  
 From their high thrones in the Heaven  
 With light like hope to mortals given,  
 But their red orbs, without beam,  
 To thy weariness shall seem  
 As a burning and a fever  
 Which would cling to thee forever.

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish,  
Now are visions ne'er to vanish ;  
From thy spirit shall they pass  
No more, like dewdrops from the grass.

The breeze, the breath of God, is still,  
And the mist upon the hill  
Shadowy, shadowy, yet unbroken,  
Is a symbol and a token.  
How it hangs upon the trees,  
A mystery of mysteries !

#### A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

TAKE this kiss upon the brow !  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow :  
You are not wrong who deem  
That my days have been a dream ;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone ?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand—

## THE LYRICAL POEMS OF

How few ! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep—while I weep !  
O God ! can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp ?  
O God ! can I not save  
*One* from the pitiless wave ?  
Is *all* that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream ?

## ALONE

FROM childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were ; I have not seen  
As others saw ; I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring.  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow ; I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone ;  
And all I loved, *I* loved alone.  
Then—in my childhood, in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life—was drawn  
From every depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still :  
From the torrent, or the fountain,  
From the red cliff of the mountain,  
From the sun that round me rolled  
In its autumn tint of gold,

From the lightning in the sky  
As it passed me flying by,  
From the thunder and the storm,  
And the cloud that took the form  
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in my view.

THE LAKE: TO —

In spring of youth it was my lot  
To haunt of the wide world a spot  
The which I could not love the less,  
So lovely was the loneliness  
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,  
And the tall pines that towered around.

But when the Night had thrown her pall  
Upon that spot, as upon all,  
And the mystic wind went by  
Murmuring in melody,  
Then—ah, then—I would awake  
To the terror of the lone lake.  
Yet that terror was not fright,  
But a tremulous delight:  
A feeling not the jewelled mine  
Could teach or bribe me to define,  
Nor love—although the love were thine.

Death was in that poisonous wave,  
 And in its gulf a fitting grave  
 For him who thence could solace bring  
 To his lone imagining,  
 Whose solitary soul could make  
 An Eden of that dim lake.

## BRIDAL BALLAD

THE ring is on my hand,  
 And the wreath is on my brow ;  
 Satins and jewels grand  
 Are all at my command,  
 And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well ;  
 But, when first he breathed his vow,  
 I felt my bosom swell,  
 For the words rang as a knell,  
 And the voice seemed his who fell  
 In the battle down the dell,  
 And who is happy now.

But he spoke to reassure me,  
 And he kissed my pallid brow,  
 While a reverie came o'er me,  
 And to the church-yard bore me,  
 And I sighed to him before me,  
 Thinking him dead D'Elormie,  
 'Oh, I am happy now !'



And thus the words were spoken,  
And this the plighted vow ;  
And though my faith be broken,  
And though my heart be broken,  
Here is a ring, as token  
That I am happy now !

Would God I could awaken !  
For I dream I know not how,  
And my soul is sorely shaken  
Lest an evil step be taken,  
Lest the dead who is forsaken  
May not be happy now.

## LENORE

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown  
forever !  
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the  
Stygian river ;  
And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now  
or nevermore !  
See, on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love,  
Lenore !  
Come, let the burial rite be read—the funeral  
song be sung :  
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died  
*so young,*  
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died  
*so young.*

‘Wretches, ye loved her for her wealth and hated  
her for her pride,  
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed  
her—that she died!  
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read? the requiem  
how be sung  
By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the  
slanderous tongue  
That did to death the innocence that died, and  
died so young?’

*Peccavimus* ; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath  
song  
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no  
wrong.  
The sweet Lenore hath gone before, with Hope  
that flew beside,  
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should  
have been thy bride :  
For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly  
lies,  
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her  
eyes ;  
The life still there, upon her hair—the death  
upon her eyes.

‘Avaunt! avaunt! from fiends below, the indig-  
nant ghost is riven—  
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the  
Heaven—

From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside  
the King of Heaven !  
Let no bell toll, then,—lest her soul, amid its  
hallowed mirth,  
Should catch the note as it doth float up from the  
damnèd Earth !  
And I!—to-night my heart is light!—no dirge  
will I upraise,  
But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of  
old days !'

## ELDORADO

GAILY bedight,  
A gallant knight,  
In sunshine and in shadow,  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old,  
This knight so bold,  
And o'er his heart a shadow  
Fell as he found  
No spot of ground  
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength  
Failed him at length,

He met a pilgrim shadow :  
 'Shadow,' said he,  
 'Where can it be,  
 This land of Eldorado?'

'Over the Mountains  
 Of the Moon,  
 Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
 Ride, boldly ride,'  
 The shade replied,  
 'If you seek for Eldorado!'

### EULALIE

I DWELT alone  
 In a world of moan,  
 And my soul was a stagnant tide,  
 Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing  
 bride,  
 Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my  
 smiling bride.

Ah, less—less bright  
 The stars of the night  
 Than the eyes of the radiant girl!  
 And never a flake  
 That the vapour can make  
 With the moon-tints of purple and pearl

Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded  
curl,  
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most  
humble and careless curl.

Now doubt—now pain  
Come never again,  
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh ;  
And all day long  
Shines, bright and strong,  
Astarte within the sky,  
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron  
eye,  
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet  
eye.

## HYMN

AT morn—at noon—at twilight dim,  
Maria ! thou hast heard my hymn.  
In joy and woe, in good and ill,  
Mother of God, be with me still !  
When the hours flew brightly by,  
And not a cloud obscured the sky,  
My soul, lest it should truant be,  
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee.  
Now, when storms of fate o'er cast  
Darkly my Present and my Past,  
Let my Future radiant shine  
With sweet hopes of thee and thine !

## SONG

I SAW thee on thy bridal day,  
When a burning blush came o'er thee,  
Though happiness around thee lay,  
The world all love before thee;

And in thine eye a kindling light  
(Whatever it might be)  
Was all on Earth my aching sight  
Of loveliness could see.

That blush, perhaps, was maiden shame :  
As such it well may pass,  
Though its glow hath raised a fiercer flame  
In the breast of him, alas !

Who saw thee on that bridal day,  
When that deep blush *would* come o'er  
thee,  
Though happiness around thee lay,  
The world all love before thee.

## TO —

THE bowers whereat, in dreams, I see  
The wantonest singing birds,  
Are lips—and all thy melody  
Of lip-begotten words

Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined,  
Then desolately fall,  
O God ! on my funereal mind  
Like starlight on a pall ;

Thy heart—*thy* heart !—I wake and sigh,  
And sleep to dream till day  
Of the truth that gold can never buy,  
Of the baubles that it may.

## TO THE RIVER —

FAIR river ! in thy bright, clear flow  
Of crystal, wandering water,  
Thou art an emblem of the glow  
Of beauty—the unhidden heart,  
The playful mazziness of art,  
In old Alberto's daughter ;

But when within thy wave she looks,  
Which glistens then, and trembles,  
Why, then, the prettiest of brooks  
Her worshipper resembles ;  
For in his heart, as in thy stream,  
Her image deeply lies—  
His heart which trembles at the beam  
Of her soul-searching eyes.

## A DREAM

IN visions of the dark night  
I have dreamed of joy departed,  
But a waking dream of life and light  
Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah ! what is not a dream by day  
To him whose eyes are cast  
On things around him with a ray  
Turned back upon the past ?

That holy dream, that holy dream,  
While all the world were chiding,  
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam  
A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light, through storm and  
night,  
So trembled from afar,  
What could there be more purely bright  
In Truth's day-star ?

'THE HAPPIEST DAY, THE HAPPIEST  
HOUR'

THE happiest day, the happiest hour  
My seared and blighted heart hath known,  
The highest hope of pride and power,  
I feel hath flown.



Of power, said I? yes! such I ween;  
But they have vanished long, alas!  
The visions of my youth have been—  
But let them pass.

And, pride, what have I now with thee?  
Another brow may even inherit  
The venom thou hast poured on me—  
Be still, my spirit!

The happiest day, the happiest hour  
Mine eyes shall see—have ever seen,  
The brightest glance of pride and power,  
I feel—have been.

But were that hope of pride and power  
Now offered, with the pain  
Even *then* I felt,—that brightest hour  
I would not live again.

For on its wing was dark alloy,  
And, as it fluttered, fell  
An essence, powerful to destroy  
A soul that knew it well.

## STANZAS

How often we forget all time, when lone  
Admiring Nature's universal throne ;  
Her woods—her wilds—her mountains—the intense  
Reply of HERS to OUR intelligence !

BYRON : *The Island.*

## I

IN youth have I known one with whom the Earth,  
In secret, communing held, as he with it,  
In daylight, and in beauty from his birth ;  
Whose fervid, flickering torch of life was lit  
From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn  
forth

A passionate light—such for his spirit was fit—  
And yet that spirit knew not, in the hour  
Of its own fervour, what had o'er it power.

## II

Perhaps it may be that my mind is wrought  
To a fever by the moonbeam that hangs o'er ;  
But I will half believe that wild light fraught  
With more of sovereignty than ancient lore  
Hath ever told ; or is it of a thought  
The unembodied essence, and no more,  
That with a quickening spell doth o'er us pass  
As dew of the night-time o'er the summer grass ?

## III

Doth o'er us pass, when, as the expanding eye  
To the loved object, so the tear to the lid  
Will start, which lately slept in apathy?  
And yet it need not be—that object—hid  
From us in life, but common—which doth lie  
Each hour before us—but *then* only bid  
With a strange sound, as of a harp-string broken,  
To awake us. 'Tis a symbol and a token

## IV

Of what in other worlds shall be, and given  
In beauty by our God to those alone  
Who otherwise would fall from life and Heaven,  
Drawn by their heart's passion, and that tone,  
That high tone of the spirit, which hath striven,  
Though not with Faith, with godliness,—whose  
    throne  
With desperate energy 't hath beaten down;  
Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown.

## EVENING STAR

"Twas noontide of summer,  
    And mid-time of night;  
And stars, in their orbits,  
    Shone pale, through the light  
Of the brighter, cold moon,

'Mid planets her slaves,  
Herself in the Heavens,  
Her beam on the waves.  
I gazed awhile  
On her cold smile,  
Too cold—too cold for me ;  
There passed, as a shroud,  
A fleecy cloud,  
And I turned away to thee,  
Proud Evening Star,  
In thy glory afar,  
And dearer thy beam shall be ;  
For joy to my heart  
Is the proud part  
Thou bearest in Heaven at night,  
And more I admire  
Thy distant fire  
Than that colder, lowly light.

## DREAMS

OH, that my young life were a lasting dream !  
My spirit not awakening, till the beam  
Of an Eternity should bring the morrow !  
Yes ! though that long dream were of hopeless  
sorrow,  
'Twere better than the cold reality  
Of waking life to him whose heart must be,

And hath been still, upon the lovely earth,  
A chaos of deep passion, from his birth.  
But should it be—that dream eternally  
Continuing—as dreams have been to me  
In my young boyhood,—should it thus be given,  
'Twere folly still to hope for higher Heaven.  
For I have revelled, when the sun was bright  
In the summer sky, in dreams of living light  
And loveliness,—have left my very heart  
In climes of mine imagining, apart  
From mine own home, with beings that have been  
Of mine own thought—what more could I have  
seen?

'Twas once—and only once—and the wild hour  
From my remembrance shall not pass—some power  
Or spell had bound me; 'twas the chilly wind  
Came o'er me in the night, and left behind  
Its image on my spirit, or the moon  
Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon  
Too coldly, or the stars,—howe'er it was,  
That dream was as that night-wind—let it pass.

*I have been happy, though in a dream.*  
I have been happy—and I love the theme—  
Dreams! in their vivid colouring of life,  
As in that fleeting, shadowy, misty strife  
Of semblance with reality, which brings  
To the delirious eye more lovely things  
Of Paradise and Love—and all our own—  
Than young Hope in his sunniest hour hath known

## SONG

FROM 'AL AARAAF'

SPIRIT, that dwellest where,  
    In the deep sky,  
The terrible and fair  
    In beauty vie!  
Beyond the line of blue,  
    The boundary of the star  
Which turneth at the view  
    Of thy barrier and thy bar,—  
Of the barrier overgone  
    By the comets who were cast  
From their pride, and from their throne,  
    To be drudges till the last,—  
To be carriers of fire  
    (The red fire of their heart)  
With speed that may not tire,  
    And with pain that shall not part,—  
Who livest—*that* we know—  
    In Eternity—we feel—  
But the shadow of whose brow  
    What spirit shall reveal?  
Though the beings whom thy Nesace,  
    Thy messenger, hath known,  
Have dreamed for thy Infinity  
    A model of their own,  
Thy will is done, O God!  
    The star hath ridden high

Through many a tempest, but she rode  
Beneath thy burning eye ;  
And here, in thought, to thee—  
In thought that can alone  
Ascend thy empire and so be  
A partner of thy throne—  
By wingèd Fantasy  
My embassy is given,  
Till secrecy shall knowledge be  
In the environs of Heaven.

## SONG TO LIGEIA

FROM 'AL AARAAF'

'NEATH blue-bell or streamer,  
Or tufted wild spray  
That keeps from the dreamer  
The moonbeam away,  
Bright beings! that ponder,  
With half-closing eyes,  
On the stars which your wonder  
Hath drawn from the skies,  
Till they glance through the shade, and  
Come down to your brow  
Like—eyes of the maiden  
Who calls on you now,—  
Arise from your dreaming  
In violet bowers  
To duty beseeming  
These star-litten hours!

## THE LYRICAL POEMS OF

And shake from your tresses  
Encumbered with dew  
The breath of those kisses  
That cumber them too—  
Oh, how, without you, Love!  
Could angels be blest?—  
Those kisses of true love  
That lulled ye to rest!  
Up! shake from your wing  
Each hindering thing!  
The dew of the night,  
It would weigh down your flight;  
And true love caresses,  
Oh, leave them apart:  
They are light on the tresses,  
But lead on the heart.

Ligeia! Ligeia!  
My beautiful one!  
Whose harshest idea  
Will to melody run,  
Oh, is it thy will  
On the breezes to toss?  
Or, capriciously still,  
Like the lone albatross,  
Incumbent on night  
(As she on the air)  
To keep watch with delight  
On the harmony there?



Ligeia! wherever  
Thy image may be,  
No magic shall sever  
Thy music from thee.  
Thou hast bound many eyes  
In a dreamy sleep,  
But the strains still arise  
Which thy vigilance keep:  
The sound of the rain,  
Which leaps down to the flower  
And dances again  
In the rhythm of the shower,  
The murmur that springs  
From the growing of grass,  
Are the music of things,  
But are modelled, alas!  
Away, then, my dearest,  
Oh, hie thee away  
To springs that lie clearest  
Beneath the moon-ray,—  
To lone lake that smiles,  
In its dream of deep rest,  
At the many star-isles  
That enjewel its breast!  
Where wild flowers, creeping,  
Have mingled their shade,  
On its margin is sleeping  
Full many a maid;  
Some have left the cool glade, and  
Have slept with the bee;

## THE LYRICAL POEMS OF

Arouse them, my maiden,  
 On moorland and lea !  
 Go ! breathe on their slumber,  
 All softly in ear,  
 The musical number  
 They slumbered to hear :  
 For what can awaken  
 An angel so soon,  
 Whose sleep hath been taken  
 Beneath the cold moon,  
 As the spell which no slumber  
 Of witchery may test,—  
 The rhythmical number  
 Which lulled him to rest ?

## TO SCIENCE

## A PROLOGUE TO 'AL AARAAF'

SCIENCE ! true daughter of Old Time thou art,  
 Who alterest all things with thy peering  
 eyes.  
 Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,  
 Vulture, whose wings are dull realities ?  
 How should he love thee ? or how deem thee  
 wise,  
 Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering  
 To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,  
 Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing ?

Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,  
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood  
To seek a shelter in some happier star?

Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,  
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me  
The summer dream beneath the tamarind-tree?

### SILENCE

THERE are some qualities, some incorporate  
things,  
That have a double life, which thus is made  
A type of that twin entity which springs  
From matter and light, evinced in solid and  
shade.

There is a twofold Silence—sea and shore,  
Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places,  
Newly with grass o'ergrown; some solemn  
graces,

Some human memories and tearful lore,  
Render him terrorless: his name's 'No More.'  
He is the corporate Silence: dread him not:

No power hath he of evil in himself;  
But should some urgent fate (untimely lot!)  
Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf,  
That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod  
No foot of man), commend thyself to God!

## TO ZANTE

FAIR isle, that from the fairest of all flowers  
 Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take,  
 How many memories of what radiant hours  
 At sight of thee and thine at once awake !  
 How many scenes of what departed bliss,  
 How many thoughts of what entombèd hopes,  
 How many visions of a maiden that is  
 No more—no more upon thy verdant slopes !  
*No more !* alas, that magical sad sound  
 Transforming all ! Thy charms shall please no  
 more  
 Thy memory no more. Accursèd ground !  
 Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shore,  
 O hyacinthine isle ! O purple Zante !  
 ‘ Isola d’oro ! Fior di Levante ! ’

## THE COLISEUM

TYPE of the antique Rome ! Rich reliquary  
 Of lofty contemplation left to Time  
 By buried centuries of pomp and power !  
 At length—at length—after so many days  
 Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst  
 (Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie)  
 I kneel, an altered and an humble man,

Amid thy shadows, and so drink within  
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory.

Vastness, and Age, and Memories of Eld !  
Silence, and Desolation, and dim Night !  
I feel ye now, I feel ye in your strength,  
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king  
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane !  
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee  
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars !

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls ;  
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,  
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat ;  
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded  
hair  
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and  
thistle ;  
Here, where on golden throne the monarch  
lolloped,  
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,  
Lit by the wan light of the hornèd moon,  
The swift and silent lizard of the stones.

But stay ! these walls, these ivy-clad arcades,  
These mouldering plinths, these sad and  
blackened shafts,  
These vague entablatures, this crumbling  
frieze,  
These shattered cornices, this wreck, this ruin,

These stones—alas! these grey stones—are  
 they all,  
 All of the famed and the colossal left  
 By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

‘Not all’—the Echoes answer me—‘not all!  
 Prophetic sounds and loud arise forever  
 From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,  
 As melody from Memnon to the Sun.  
 We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we rule  
 With a despotic sway all giant minds.  
 We are not impotent, we pallid stones:  
 Not all our power is gone, not all our fame,  
 Not all the magic of our high renown,  
 Not all the wonder that encircles us,  
 Not all the mysteries that in us lie,  
 Not all the memories that hang upon  
 And cling around about us as a garment,  
 Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.’

### TO HELEN

I saw thee once—once only—years ago:  
 I must not say how many—but not many.  
 It was a July midnight; and from out  
 A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul,  
     soaring  
 Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,  
 There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,

With quietude and sultriness and slumber,  
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand  
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,  
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe :  
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses  
That gave out, in return for the love-light,  
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death :  
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses  
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted  
By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence.

Clad all in white, upon a violet bank  
I saw thee half reclining ; while the moon  
Fell on the upturned faces of the roses,  
And on thine own, upturned—alas, in sorrow !

Was it not Fate, that, on this July midnight—  
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)  
That bade me pause before that garden-gate  
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses ?  
No footstep stirred : the hated world all slept,  
Save only thee and me—O Heaven ! O God !  
How my heart beats in coupling those two  
words !—

Save only thee and me. I paused, I looked,  
And in an instant all things disappeared.  
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted !)  
The pearly lustre of the moon went out :  
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,  
The happy flowers and the repining trees,

Were seen no more : the very roses' odours  
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.  
All, all expired save thee—save less than thou :  
Save only the divine light in thine eyes,  
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes :  
I saw but them—they were the world to me :  
I saw but them, saw only them for hours,  
Saw only them until the moon went down.  
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten  
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres ;  
How dark a woe, yet how sublime a hope ;  
How silently serene a sea of pride ;  
How daring an ambition ; yet how deep,  
How fathomless a capacity for love !

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight,  
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud ;  
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees  
Didst glide away. Only thine eyes remained :  
They would not go—they never yet have gone ;  
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,  
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since ;  
They follow me—they lead me through the years ;  
They are my ministers—yet I their slave ;  
Their office is to illumine and enkindle —  
My duty, to be saved by their bright light,  
And purified in their electric fire,  
And sanctified in their elysian fire ;  
They fill my soul with beauty (which is hope),  
And are, far up in heaven, the stars I kneel to



In the sad, silent watches of my night ;  
While even in the meridian glare of day  
I see them still—two sweetly scintillant  
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun.

## TO M. L. S—

OF all who hail thy presence as the morning ;  
Of all to whom thine absence is the night,  
The blotting utterly from out high heaven  
The sacred sun ; of all who, weeping, bless thee  
Hourly for hope, for life, ah ! above all,  
For the resurrection of deep-buried faith  
In truth, in virtue, in humanity ;  
Of all who, on despair's unhallowed bed  
Lying down to die, have suddenly arisen  
At thy soft-murmured words, ' Let there be light !'  
At the soft-murmured words that were fulfilled  
In the seraphic glancing of thine eyes ;  
Of all who owe thee most, whose gratitude  
Nearest resembles worship, oh, remember  
The truest, the most fervently devoted,  
And think that these weak lines are written by  
    him :  
By him, who, as he pens them, thrills to think  
His spirit is communing with an angel's.

TO — —

Nor long ago the writer of these lines,  
In the mad pride of intellectuality,  
Maintained 'the power of words'—denied that ever  
A thought arose within the human brain  
Beyond the utterance of the human tongue :  
And now, as if in mockery of that boast,  
Two words, two foreign soft dissyllables,  
Italian tones, made only to be murmured  
By angels dreaming in the moonlit 'dew  
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,'  
Have stirred from out the abysses of his heart  
Unthought-like thoughts, that are the souls of  
thought,—

Richer, far wilder, far diviner visions  
Than even the seraph harper, Israfel  
(Who has 'the sweetest voice of all God's  
creatures'),

Could hope to utter. And I—my spells are  
broken ;

The pen falls powerless from my shivering hand ;  
With thy dear name as text, though bidden by thee,  
I cannot write—I cannot speak or think—  
Alas, I cannot feel ; for 'tis not feeling,—  
This standing motionless upon the golden  
Threshold of the wide-open gate of dreams,  
Gazing entranced adown the gorgeous vista,  
And thrilling as I see, upon the right,

Upon the left, and all the way along,  
 Amid empurpled vapours, far away  
 To where the prospect terminates—thee only.

### A VALENTINE

FOR her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous  
 eyes,

Brightly expressive as the twins of Leda,  
 Shall find her own sweet name, that nestling lies  
 Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.

Search narrowly the lines! they hold a treasure  
 Divine, a talisman, an amulet

That must be worn at heart. Search well the  
 measure—

The words—the syllables. Do not forget  
 The trivialest point, or you may lose your labour :

And yet there is in this no Gordian knot  
 Which one might not undo without a sabre,  
 If one could merely comprehend the plot.

Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering  
 Eyes scintillating soul, there lie *perdus*

Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing  
 Of poets, by poets—as the name is a poet's, too.

Its letters, although naturally lying

Like the knight Pinto, Mendez Ferdinando,  
 Still form a synonym for Truth.—Cease trying!

You will not read the riddle, though you do the  
 best you can do.

## AN ENIGMA

'SELDOM we find,' says Solomon Don Dunce,  
   'Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.  
 Through all the flimsy things we see at once  
   As easily as through a Naples bonnet—  
   Trash of all trash! how can a lady don it?  
 Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff,  
 Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff  
   Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it.'  
 And, veritably, Sol is right enough.  
 The general tuckermanities are arrant  
 Bubbles, ephemeral, and *so* transparent;  
   But *this* is, now, you may depend upon it,  
 Stable, opaque, immortal—all by dint  
 Of the dear names that lie concealed within 't.

## TO ONE IN PARADISE

THOU wast all that to me, love,  
   For which my soul did pine:  
 A green isle in the sea, love,  
   A fountain and a shrine  
 All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,  
   And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!  
   Ah, starry Hope, that didst arise  
 But to be overcast!  
   A voice from out the Future cries,

'On! on!'—but o'er the Past  
    (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies  
Mute, motionless, aghast.

For, alas! alas! with me  
    The light of Life is o'er!  
No more—no more—no more—  
(Such language holds the solemn sea  
    To the sands upon the shore)  
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,  
    Or the stricken eagle soar.

And all my days are trances,  
    And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy grey eye glances,  
    And where thy footstep gleams—  
In what ethereal dances,  
    By what eternal streams.

## TO F——

BELoved! amid the earnest woes  
    That crowd around my earthly path  
(Drear path, alas! where grows  
Not even one lonely rose),  
    My soul at least a solace hath  
In dreams of thee, and therein knows  
An Eden of bland repose.

## THE LYRICAL POEMS OF

And thus thy memory is to me  
 Like some enchanted far-off isle  
 In some tumultuous sea,—  
 Some ocean throbbing far and free  
 With storms, but where meanwhile  
 Serenest skies continually  
 Just o'er that one bright island smile.

## TO F——s S. O——d

THOU wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart  
 From its present pathway part not :  
 Being everything which now thou art,  
 Be nothing which thou art not.  
 So with the world thy gentle ways,  
 Thy grace, thy more than beauty,  
 Shall be an endless theme of praise,  
 And love—a simple duty.

## TO —

I HEED not that my earthly lot  
 Hath little of Earth in it,  
 That years of love have been forgot  
 In the hatred of a minute :  
 I mourn not that the desolate  
 Are happier, sweet, than I,  
 But that you sorrow for my fate  
 Who am a passer-by.

## TO MY MOTHER

BECAUSE I feel that, in the Heavens above,  
The angels, whispering to one another,  
Can find among their burning terms of love  
None so devotional as that of 'Mother,'  
Therefore by that dear name I long have called  
you—

You who are more than mother unto me,  
And fill my heart of hearts, where Death in-  
stalled you

In setting my Virginia's spirit free.  
My mother, my own mother, who died early,  
Was but the mother of myself; but you  
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,  
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew  
By that infinity with which my wife  
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.

## TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicæan barks of yore,  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche  
How statue-like I see thee stand,  
The agate lamp within thy hand!  
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy Land!



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